

# A P O E M

Dedicated to the Lasting Honour of the Pious and Reverend Divine  
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Richard Baxter Hath God Made A Glorious Light  
To Guide Our Steps In This Apostate Night,  
With Grace, With Gifts, With Courage Hath God Bless'd  
Him To Conduct The Church To Canaan's Rest.

**R**egardless Age! could England's pur-blind Sense  
Imagine that Eternal Providence  
Createth Wonders still, as formerly  
He wrought for Israel's sake, We all should Spy  
An ANGEL Brandishing a Gospel-Word,  
Resolving (by That only powerfull Sword,) }  
Deliverance to the Churches to afford.  
Brought out We have been from Egyptian Yoke  
Although not free'd from fear of Amalek's Stroke.  
Xerxes (that Eastern Terror) did not fright  
The Grecians, as the Tall Sanzummins Sight  
Enlarg'd our fear, had not Almighty Pow'r  
Rais'd up A JOSHUA in This needful Hour.

**H**ow Many tedious Years have We abode  
And wear'd Steps in pathless Desart trod,  
Trav'ling from Stage to Stage, and Round about  
Hemm'd in between the Mounts of Fear and Doubt? }  
Great hath Our longing Expectation been  
Of keeping Jubilees, not Wand'ring (in  
Distrust) so long, in Wilderness of Sin; }  
Murmuring although Our Waters have been sweet  
And Loathing Manna, as not fit to eat.  
Drawn up we have been into numerous Forms,  
Endless Contentions, whilst approaching Storms  
(Arm'd with the face of Vengeance) raise our fears  
Gather round Our Tents, and hollow in our ears  
Loud Echoing Sounds (alas!) do scarce Awake  
Our Charmed Minds, or prompts us (yet) to make  
Religion our great Work: we only Croud  
In New Opinions, under which we shroud  
Our Hearts; Remaining still as Vain; as Proud: }  
Uncharitable: Whisperers of Lies;  
Selfish, and Covetous; under This Disguise,  
Lord! What a mighty Purther hath been rais'd  
In Babylon? The Church hath stood Amaz'd;  
Greedy in Expectation of some Bright  
Holy, (most Humble) Soul-Reviving Light  
To chase Away these Shades of Winter-Night. }

**T**hese many Years, we all have gon a Round  
O're Hills and Dales, (Led by uncertain Sound; )  
Giddy with knowledge we have long been made  
Unstable, since the Pulpit grew a Trade; }  
Into the Ditch, (like Lost-Sheep) have we Stray'd;  
Defiled filthily hath our Fleece been,  
Each Broad-Sleeve of Our (Starch'd Profession, in  
Opprobrious pickle: yet we buffet all  
(Unchristian-like, ) who but Lament our Fall, }  
Reville (yea Persecute) and Nick-names call.  
Such are but Basham's Rams-Horns Batt'ring down  
The Church, (not Jericho, or Triple-Crown.)  
Each conscientious Shepherd passing by  
Points at Our Engine of Divinity! }  
Sighs much to see Our great Apostacy.  
In This Degenerate Age Religion stands  
Neglected [like Old Monuments] with hands  
Though Lifted Up, yet broke: with batt'rd face  
Half gon: (An Object rather of Disgrace; )  
Just like King David's men, with Beards half-thorn  
Stands True-Religion, made a Publique Scorn.  
A postate Age! how are We swerved from  
Pure Christianity? Upbraid not Rome  
Or think That only, the Apostate See,  
Since Many Antichrists with us there be;  
They (Spiritual) Babel founded deep in blood,  
And We, Those Ruins, plaister up with Mud;  
[T'rimm'd Notions: Schism: and a blind Mill-horse Track:]  
Ere since a Crape Profession cloath'd our back.  
Narrow but Plain, is Canaan's blessed Rode  
In which the Primitive Christians safely trod;  
Great talks of New-Light spread; And since our hope  
Hung down its head, We yearly Burn the Pope;  
[That Flame Lights well to See how much we Grope. ] }

**W**hilest Crouding in a sad confus'd Rout  
(In which true Piety is justled Out.)  
The Lord of Hosts (his Kingdom to Increase)  
Hath sent us His Ambassador of Peace.  
Grace into him is poured, to instruct  
Rash Zeal, and mired Steps for to Conduct  
A right, in Paths of Truth, Peace, Amity,  
Compassion: (Christian-like Conformity.)  
Erecting A HOLY TEMPLE [Wherein dwells  
Wisdom, with Pure Religion, which excells  
In Meekness] Par'd with Love: A shame to Those  
That Hammer forth, with loud (Canonic) Blows  
Hideous Shapes, which Harden (but not Molifie)  
Gazers on their (Gorgon like) Divinity!  
Embroydered all Throughout with Saving Grace  
Flourishing the Banner of Triumphant Peace,  
This Famous WORTHIE stands, whose Gifts and Parts,  
(Shining in Lowliness) steals all our Hearts.  
Wisdom, Experience, Conduct, Courage too  
Is found in Him, to leade us safely through  
This Howling Desart, where the Wolfish sound  
Hurries the Flock, and their soft ear doth wound.  
Confirming Faith and Patience; strengthening Love  
Opposing Errours, and Debates, which move  
Unruly Passions, and engender Strife,  
Ending Divisions, whilst Religious Life  
Abateth, and its hidden (Vital part)  
Gives up the Ghost, as Scabbed at the Heart.  
England's Commissioner for Peace, is He  
Heavens blessed Harbinger: Ordain'd to be  
A Sanctuary to the Church of God,  
That hath been Scourg'd with Plague and Flaming Rod.  
Hath been Benighted and in Wilderness,  
Growling a long time (as all must confess: )  
O're cast with Egypt's Darknes, and in Wiles  
Devis'd by Satan (who mankind beguiles)  
Beleagu'r'd Round; in such a Lab'rinth, where  
Leviathan's hoarse Sounds, Awake our fear.  
Eternal GOD! When Thy Church was Dejected  
Sing'd out for Slaughter, Thou didst then protect it:  
Sending us such a Light as few expected;  
Dear God: Thy Praise shall never be neglected. }

**H**ark! (hark again!) methinks we hear the sweet  
Inamouring Sound of His so glorious Feet,  
(Moving o're Mountains) who Glad Tydings brings  
To Every Sinner, from the King of kings.  
Of Universal Grace for All Mankind,  
(Conveigh'd To All, who are Resolved in mind)  
Obliging to some Law, the Heathen World  
[Nigh lost, through willful Unbelief, and hurld  
Down headlong into such a dismal Vale  
(Unwares) where Darknes did so much prevail,  
(Confusion also) [till This Glorious Light  
Thrust forth Its Conquering Rays, and scatter'd Night.]  
The Militant Church is Happy in This Guide,  
Her footsteps to Direct, that none may slide;  
Establishing Her Knowledge: and Her Love;  
(Conformity so like to GOD above.)  
His vital Substance few aright Descry  
Unseen It must be, when Our Dazled Eye, }  
Repells That Sun-Shine of Divinity!  
Comfort our selves we do (for all) to think  
His Beams make Day, tho Glittering through the Chink.  
'Tis very strange that in a Crazy'd Shell  
Of bone and skin, such Sanctity doth dwell!  
Crowning Religion with such Conversation  
As makes Him a Great Blessing to Our Nation }  
(Notwithstanding many Proud mens Emulation.  
All after Ages shall, of Him, Relate  
And Praises to JEHOVAH Consecrate,  
Nation shall unto Nation, This Great Act  
Sound forth, in hearts of Harmony Compact;  
Recording evermore THY worthy Fame  
Eternizing the Glory of the same;  
S aims All, with Angels also, shall proclaim  
THY GREAT SALVATION! when we BAXTER name. }